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Single No. 10 Cents.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1872.

Vol. III.—No. 4.

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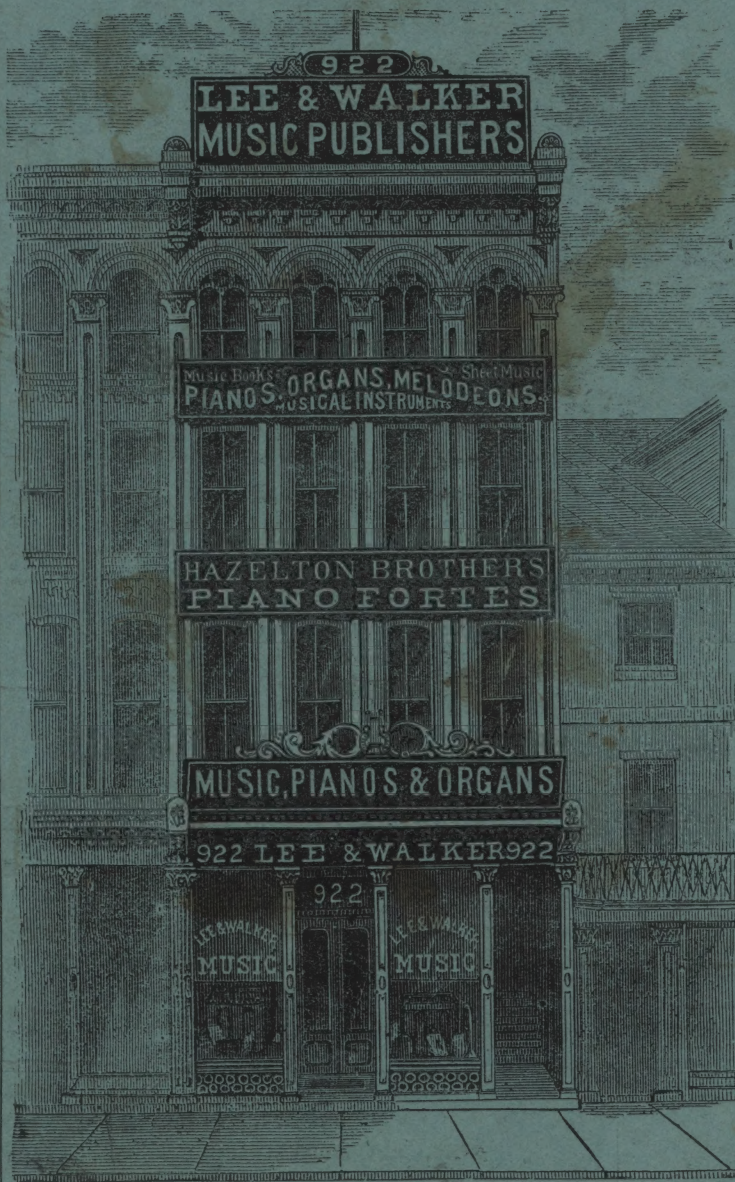
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SCOTCH HYMN.

There are blossoms that hae budded,
Been blighted i' the cauld,
An' lammies that hae perished,
Because they left the fauld;
But cower ye in aneath His wings
Wha died upon the tree,
An' gathers in His bosom,
Helpless weans like you and me.

In the world there's tribulation,
In the world there is wae;
But the world it is bonnie,
For our Father made it sae:
Then brighten up your armor
An' be happy as ye gang,
Though your sky be often clouded,
It winna be for lang.

LITERATURE.

ONLY A SONG.

Monsieur Bufonte, who had a large family and a small income, hired the upper floor of a large building in Paris; and to reduce his rent, underlet a room to young Monsieur Fernande, the musical composer, of whose compositions no one as yet heard anything.

It was a little narrow room, with one very high window; but it had this advantage; out of this window one could at the risk of breaking one's neck, catch a glimpse of the beautiful prima donna, Mdlle. La C——, as she fanned herself on the balcony of the first floor. For this sensible reason had Monsieur Fernande hired the apartment.

He was dreadfully in love with her, though they had never spoken to each other, and he fondly and falsely believed that she knew that he had thrown her bouquets, and had given him special thanks for them as she held them against her pretty chin, and bowed her pretty head over them and smiled with the beaming smile of an actress down upon the audience.

If ever he made his name and fortune, then she should know, but not until then. So he loved on in silence, and worked at his compositions and offered them to publishers and had them "declined with thanks."

Now and then, of course he sold a song; but the songs did not become popular, and he must have starved to death but that he now and then played the piano for some dancing party. At the best he lived on bread and coffee and a little soup.

In his room he had an old piano, a desk, a chair, a meerschau, and a little charcoal furnace. When he had five francs in his pocket, and it was not rent day, he felt rich.

Mdlle. La C—— had every luxurious lounge

and couch and sofa to be bought for money. She lavished gold on her friends, on herself, on her pet poodle, on the beggars who held out their crooked hands, and showed their distorted faces at the door of the house, as she tripped from it to her carriage.

They said she had been a peasant child, whose sweet voice as she stood singing at the door of a little hut had caught the ear of a wealthy music worshipper, who had had her taught in consequence. They tell such stories of so many prima donnas. No one would have guessed from her manner now, that she ever knew the value of a sou. Yet with all this extravagance she was growing rich, and could make a little fortune in a night.

Young, beautiful, adored, who could be happier? And yet, though she could sing so divinely, she could not have composed one of those little songs which were written in the garret over her head, to save her bright young life. Each one was a gem, and probably M. Fernande knew it, for genius ought to recognize its own work. Still, rattling marches, waltzes that were the same old thing over again, and bits from well-known operas twisted into galops, sold; while his little songs lay neglected on the counter, and others never reached the counter at all, being scorned from the first by publishers with no music in their souls, however much there may have been in their shops.

If, indeed, some well-known singer would have sung one of them—Mademoiselle La C——, for instance—then there might have been a change. The thought crept into poor Fernande's heart by degrees; at last it strengthened into a resolve; but it must be the best of all that he should lay before his idol, the very best—nothing else would do.

So he wrote in his attic room, the poor composer, and below, the happy song bird thrilled her songs, and laughed and chatted, and was carelessly generous, and never even knew of his existence, who, evening after evening, watched her, listened to her, envied the men who had the right to sit beside her, hold her fan; perhaps—who knew?—her hand also; the men one of whom might one day be her favored lover. And she enjoyed her happy butterfly existence and knew nothing about him.

At last, in a moment of romantic influence, our composer also turned poet. He wrote the words of a song which he called "Love's Dying Dream," and he fitted to it an air so sweet, so gentle, so tender, so plaintive, that playing it upon his old piano, he knew it to be the best of all that he ever had done—the bright particular gem fit to lay before his lady.

He copied it out daintily; he wrote a pretty note without any signature but that of "An Ad-

miration," and he resolved to leave it at her door and await the result.

"If I should ever hear her sing it, I should be so happy—so happy," he said to himself. "I should be willing to die."

What strange things we say sometimes! Did you ever say anything, not quite meaning it, that afterward proved itself true, though not as you intended it? I have.

And one morning he said:

"To-day I will do it;" and with these words he left his little room.

He ran down stairs with the precious little parcel in his hand and stood before the door that led to Mdlle. La C——'s suite of rooms, with a palpitating heart. He had intended to knock and leave the music and a note with a servant, but, ah,—how unfortunate!—the door stood open. Opposite he saw her dainty boudoir, and it was empty. He would steal in and put the music upon her table and so leave it. If she liked it, he should hear her singing it sometime and then he might speak. He crept in; he laid the parcel down softly, and with reverence, but as he did so his eyes fell upon a miniature. It was a portrait of his divinity herself, and it was set in costly gems. These he neither noticed nor cared for. All he saw was the sweet face. He stooped over it; he examined it; he took it in his hand.

"It is herself!" he said. "It is wonderful!"

And I think he would have kissed it, but at that moment he heard a little scream and a savage growl.

He turned. The scream came from Mdlle. La C——, the growl from a gentleman who accompanied her, and on the instant two hands came down on Fernande's shoulders, and the miniature was wrested from him.

"How careless of Auguste," cried the lady, "to leave the door open for thieves to enter by."

The gentleman lustily called for help.

Fernande said nothing. Conscious of his terrible position, he was stricken dumb; and it was as one passes through the changing scenes of a dream, that he knew himself to be arrested and cast into prison.

The prima donna appeared against him when the proper time came. She had found this man in her room. He had a valuable ornament in his hand. She believed that he intended to steal it. She had never seen him before—O no, never.

At this the young man felt that it would be well to be dead. She had never seen him before! Then she had not smiled upon him when he threw her that bouquet of Provence roses. It was all fancy. He had not caught her eyes. She had never noticed him.

The gentleman who had been with Mademoiselle gave his evidence, only he was fiercer, and called the hapless Fernande a thief, a brigand

and a rascal when he alluded to him. And Fernande could only say that he was not guilty. He would say nothing else in his misery. He would not even give his calling and bring his respectability forward by way of defence.

"I am Fernande, and I have twenty-three years, and I am nothing and nobody."

This he said when called upon to account for himself, and nothing more, and he was written down vagrant and condemned to six months' hard labor as a thief.

Mdlle. La C—— went home pouting and declaring that she "hated to go to such dreadful places." She eat a delightful little lunch, and afterward finding a packet upon her table opened it and read Fernande's little anonymous note, at which she laughed and hummed over the song, pronouncing it "very pretty." A few days after she practiced it, and on being encored one night, bethought her sing it.

Poor Fernande! if he could but have been there to have seen how the women wept over his pretty little lay of love and death, and to have heard how the applause rang.

After that, the manager besought Mademoiselle to sing "Love's Dying Dream" every night, and the lady obeyed his request.

Amateur singers went mad over it, and it was published. Having the name of no composer upon it, it was called Mdlle. La C——'s song, and by many was believed to be her own; and it sold as never song sold before.

One day, with a party, she visited the prison where Fernande was confined.

She stood amid her little circle of cavaliers and said to one in authority of the place:

"What do they like, these people? Shall I sing a little love song?"

"As Mademoiselle pleases," said the man. "Every one understands that theme."

And Mademoiselle smiled, and tried her voice with a little thrill, and began poor Fernande's song, "Love's Dying Dream."

Oh the eager, glittering eyes that watched her! Oh the flushed cheek the hurried breath! Oh the mad throbbings of the heart of Number Twenty-four, as he whispered to himself:

"It is my song! It is my song!"

"What is the matter?" whispered Number Twenty-three to Number Twenty-four. "I say, mon ami, speak."

"What is the matter?" asked the singer of the Superintendent, as the last notes of her song died upon her lips. "There seems to be some commotion."

"There is a little," said the Superintendent calmly, "Number Twenty-four has caused it."

"Has he escaped?" cried the lady, looking as though she had heard that a tiger had broken loose.

"After a manner, Mademoiselle," said the Superintendent. "He is dead."

"These people never have any sense of propriety," said Mademoiselle. "How dreadful."

They buried Fernande in whatever spot of ground is given to pauper prisoners. And Mdlle. La C—— sang on until she sang herself into the heart of some man with a title; but as long as she sings at all, she will sometimes sing "Love's Dying Dream." It is so pretty, so sweet, and then it was the work of an unknown admirer. It is a favorite with madame and always has been.

No one now remembers Number Twenty-four named Fernande, who was so impolite as to die while Mdlle. La C—— was singing.

(For the "AMATEUR.")

BLIGHTED HOPES.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

I am a bachelor—whether old or young—is nobody's business, even the census man approaches the question of age with fear and trembling; ten times have I been indicted for assaulting and battering that inquisitive individual, because he smiled incredulously when I told him how old I was. I went into the pork business in 18—never mind the exact date—it's not so very long ago, although some ill-natured people insinuate to the contrary, and pester me with questions about things that occurred almost before my birth. About a year ago I retired from business.

Single life is not wholly exempt from trials. It cuts me to the heart to admit this, but, although my assertion may be doubted by Benedicks, it is only too true.

Servants are vultures; they delight in preying upon unprotected males. My shirt-buttons are always missing, but I don't care much about that, for I can wear studs; I listened patiently to the complaints of the housemaid who said she must have more help, because washing dishes made her hands red; I cherished no anger against the "help" when she came and showed her unconquerable animosity towards my unfortunate self by placing pails of water in dark places on the stairs whenever she heard me approaching; but when I discovered that the cook was making money by lending my best clothes to her masculine acquaintances at a certain sum per evening, I could endure it no longer and, in my unreasoning wrath, I resolved to get married.

Had I remained in business, such an idea would not have entered my head. How true it is that Satan always finds mischief for idle hands to do!

One bright day in August, as I was walking down Arch Street, meditating upon the feasibility of advertising for a helpmate, I saw just ahead of me a vision of surpassing loveliness. She was dressed in azure silk, with the tiniest lemon-colored kid gloves, and her blonde hair fell in a shower over her shoulders. I was conscious that I had met my fate, and I hastened my steps in order to catch a nearer view of her face, but before I could accomplish that end she had entered a car. The car started and I followed it at full speed, puffing and blowing as a not very slender person will under such circumstances. In vain I frantically called to the conductor, he stood with his back towards me, and would not hear; still I ran on, madly flourishing my cane and umbrella. Should I lose her forever?

"Waddle along, old coon, you'll ketch that car 'fore Fourth o' July, I'll bet!" yelled a boot-black on the side-walk.

I became aware that these disrespectful and satirical words were addressed to me, so I halted in my career, and mournfully gazed after the receding conveyance which was carrying her from my sight!

I am not at all romantic; I am not in the habit of reading novels, indeed, my library mainly consists of a set of Hogg's works which I purchased because the author's name attracted me, but I felt that I was in love. To divert my thoughts, I took to poetry.

The beautiful creature in blue was always in my mind. Who was she? Where did she live?

Should I ever behold her again? These questions I asked myself continually, but alas! I could not answer them.

Suddenly they answered themselves; I saw a blue silk dress entering the boarding-house opposite my residence. I rushed to the door. Could I believe my eyes? Yes, it was she! Her golden curls hung down in the same style, her tiny lemon-colored hands held a green parasol, and I saw her lovely countenance:—

"She had a Roman nose,
And her cheek was like a rose
In the snow."

I was in a state of ecstatic joy. Five long hours I stood at the door, waiting for her to come out; as she did not reappear, I concluded that the boarding-house over the way had the inestimable honor of reckoning her as an inmate. I had always regarded the aforesaid house as a dull, dingy place, but now it assumed to my imagination all the dazzling hues of a palace in Fairyland.

I made inquiries and found that she was a widow. Her name was Belinda B. Judkin. I wished very much to know what the B stood for, but after fruitlessly endeavoring to find out, I determined to send the charming widow a testimony of my love. It must be something original. I settled with myself. A bright thought struck me. I went to work and got the sweetest little pig—the most delicate creature you ever saw; the cook prepared it under instructions from me, and I sent it over with a polite note to Mrs. Belinda B. Judkins.

I was quite proud of my gift, for surely no other swain ever hit upon such a device for securing the favor of his lady love. I defy the ages of chivalry to produce the like.

There came no response to my note—no acknowledgment of my gift. Deep was my despair. I spent my time in prowling about the boarding-house, wondering which casement belonged to the apartment of my charmer. I contemplated a serenade.

After three days of close thought upon the subject, it became plain to me that the second story front was the bower which enclosed the centre of my happiness.

Arming myself with a huge bouquet—the largest that could be procured, I sallied forth under the cover of darkness, and took my stand beneath her window. I had intended to tell my passion in song, but I could not screw my courage to the sticking point, so I relieved my feelings by throwing the bouquet plump into the second story front room. The immediate consequence was a great crash within.

"What do you mean? say!" cried a shrill voice, as a head and hand (the hand holding a light), were protruded from the window. "What do you mean, chucking your old yerbs and weeds in here? Get away, or I'll call the police!"

Oh, the anguish of that moment! The face that I had just seen was hers, but so changed that I could scarcely believe it to be the same. There was no more red on her cheeks, the Roman nose was still in its place, but where—where was the pearly whiteness of the complexion? A large night-cap covered her golden hair, (I have my doubts about the genuineness of the latter article), and surmounted a yellow-wrinkled countenance.

Deceit thy name is woman! My life was a blank; my dream of beauty had fled, but I was surprised to find that my appetite did not fail in the least. This being the case, I judged that

my stomach was sound, although my heart might be broken. In the poets words—

"He may live without love, what is passion but pining,
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

So I survived.

Well, I had nearly forgotten my rash resolution of committing matrimony, when the cook again drove me to desperation. She concluded a bargain with a peddler of the Jewish persuasion by which my only dress-coat was conveyed to him in return for a pair of preposterous red and yellow vases. This was done on the day upon which the annual banquet of the Porcine Club was to take place. I had long anticipated this event with feelings of pleasure, but, as the members of the Porcine Club are great sticklers for etiquette, I was obliged to remain at home. Goaded in this manner, I resumed my look out for a wife.

Two weeks passed, during which I saw Mrs. Belinda B. Judkin's trunks removed from over the way. Her movements interested me no more, I no longer cared to know what that mysterious B represented. There was a time—but why should I tear the bandages from recent wounds?

Soon after Mrs. J.'s departure, an old man and a young girl came to the boarding-house. The young girl was pretty and refined looking, and the bright bloom on her cheeks told that the city had not always been her home. The old man, her father, was bent and feeble, and it did one good to see the care she took of him. A stand of flowers and a canary bird appeared in the window of Mrs. J.'s deserted apartment, and a modest sign, bearing the legend:—

"ALICE DEANE, TEACHER OF MUSIC,"

appeared below. Every morning, precisely at nine, the young lady left the house, carrying a roll of music, and sometimes on sunny days the old man accompanied her a short distance. I was generally stationed at my window to see her return about four, and shortly afterwards the father and daughter would set out for another walk, coming back in the glow of the sunset.

By dint of watching my neighbors so continually, I became much interested in them.

One day the young lady's canary grew tired of its silver wired prison, and, seizing its opportunity, flew out to explore the world, and finally fluttered into my room. I returned it to my pretty neighbor.

She received the yellow morsel with soft spoken words, and such a delightful smile of thanks that I fell in love on the spot. She always wore a geranium blossom in her hair, and now I took to wearing one in my button-hole, but she didn't seem to notice it at all.

I admire art, I constantly frequent picture exhibitions, especially those in which animal painters most delight in displaying their works to the public gaze. At times I have nearly smothered myself in laughing at the attempts which some artists make to paint hogs. I am not presumptuous in setting up for a critic—if a man who has handled as many pigs as I have, doesn't know anything of the animal, who does? I don't blame the painters much, poor fellows, for nobody can appreciate pigs who has not been in the business.

I always carry an umbrella and a cane; they're convenient. It happened that I had gone to an art exhibition. I was standing before an absurd farm-yard scene, with my cane under one arm

and my umbrella under the other, both sticking straight out.

A sharp looking female, who was gazing through her eyeglass at a picture on the opposite wall, suddenly began to walk backwards, to obtain a more distant view of the painting, I suppose, until she came in collision with the afore-said cane and umbrella.

"Sir," she said, turning quickly, "you should have more sense than to stick those articles out like bristles on a porcupine."

I was taken by surprise, and I naturally imagined that the words "bristles" and "pork" were intended as a contemptuous allusion to my avocation, so I replied:

"If you, madame, had been brought up in so respectable a business, you would perhaps show more politeness."

"What do you mean?" she asked in a threatening manner. "You've insulted me, sir; I shall tell my husband. Reg-in-ald," she continued, calling to a tall man at the other end of the gallery, "come and chastise this wretch!"

Every eye in the room was upon me. People, attracted by the loudness of the lady's tones, gathered around us in a sort of ring. The tall fellow advanced rapidly towards us. He was twice my size; I expected to be demolished. At this critical juncture, a light hand was laid on my arm; I turned round. My pretty neighbor of over the way, stood near me.

"Good day, sir," she said, "I didn't expect to see you here, come with me, I have found a beautiful picture, I want to show it to you."

Unheeding the loud voice of the sharp looking female, who said:

"Stop, sir, and receive your due!" I gladly followed my young friend. She led the way to a distant corner of the apartment; a screen separated it from the rest of the room. She pointed to a painting in miniature—a nest of young birds—nothing remarkable about it. I began to suspect that the "beautiful picture" was nothing but a convenient pretence to get me out of the dilemma.

"I am much obliged to you for your kindness, I did not want to quarrel with that fellow." I said.

"One good turn deserves another," she returned with a smile. "I owe my canary to you."

That smile! Strike while the irons hot; faint heart n'er won fair lady; now was the time to pop the question. I determined to do it with all formality. Spreading my yellow and white handkerchief on the dusty floor, I knelt on one knee, (as I had seen it done on the stage), and began:

"Fairest of creatures?"

"Sir!"

"Wilt thou be mine?"

She looked a little bewildered, and then burst out laughing.

"Get up, sir, people will think you're crazy."

"Only say thou wilt be my wife."

"Don't make yourself ridiculous; you're old enough to be my father, besides I am engaged to some one else, the wedding is to be next week."

I sprang to my feet. They received a wedding present from me; I forgive.

Twice have my hopes been blighted—yet I live on!

We hate some men because we do not know them, and we will not know them because we hate them.

HARD TACK.

Mules and donkeys and camels have appetites that anything will relieve temporarily, but nothing satisfy. In Syria once, at the head-waters of the Jordan, a camel took charge of my overcoat while the tents were being pitched, and examined it with a critical eye all over, with as much interest as if he had an idea of getting one made like it; and then, after he was done figuring on it as an article of apparel, he began to contemplate it as an article of diet. He put his foot on it, and lifted one of the sleeves out with his teeth, and chewed and chewed at it, gradually taking it in, and all the while opening and closing his eyes in a kind of religious ecstasy, as if he had never tasted anything as good as an overcoat before in his life. Then he smacked his lips once or twice and reached after the other sleeve. Next he tried the velvet collar, and smiled a smile of such contentment that it was plain to see that he regarded that as the daintiest thing about an overcoat. The tails went next along with some percussion caps and cough candy, and some fig-paste from Constantinople. And then my newspaper correspondence dropped out, and he took a chance in that—manuscript letters written for the home papers. But he was treading on dangerous ground now. He began to come across solid wisdom in those documents that was rather weighty on his stomach; and occasionally he would take a joke that would shake him up till it loosened his teeth. It was getting to be perilous times with him, but he held his grip with good courage and hopefully, till at last he began to stumble on statements that not even a camel could swallow with impunity. He began to gag and gasp, and his eyes to stand out, and his forelegs to spread, and in about a quarter of a minute he fell over as stiff as a carpenter's work-bench, and died a death of indescribable agony. I went and pulled the manuscript out of his mouth, and found that the sensitive creature had choked to death on one of the mildest and gentlest statements of fact that I ever laid before a trusting public.—*Mark Twain.*

TASTE OF THE TIMES.

Dion Boucicault says there is a difference between the old theatre and the new. In olden times real life was comparatively quiet, and people went to the theatre for excitement and for elevation of thought; but now the existence of every day is so feverish that people attend the theatre, not for excitement but relief from it; not to think, but to escape from thought. "Once, to please John Oxenford, of the *Times*," said Mr. Boucicault, "I wrote, simultaneously, three plays. One, *Hunted down or the Two Lives of Mary Leigh*, a fair literary work; the second, *The Long Strike*, a merely sensational play; the last, *The Flying Scud*, a mere adcaptandum affair for the oi polloi. From what I knew of the London public, I bet a supper with Oxenford, that the last play, being the worst, would be the most successful. I was right. The three plays were completed, and were launched at once and together upon the sea of London favor. *The Flying Scud*, although produced at an out-of-the-way-place, took the metropolis by storm, while *Hunted Down*, despite its pathos and its superb mounting at the fashionable St. James, failed to attract paying audiences. Oxenford paid the supper, and we were both satisfied."

THE AMATEUR.

Philadelphia, December, 1872.

ANTHONY O. BUSCH, - - - Editor.

We desire *sound* communications either for the Correspondents' column or upon matters of a Musical, Art, or Literary nature.

The doings of musical associations will be carefully noted, if they will simply keep us informed of their character.

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EDITORIAL.

MUSICAL CAVILING.

A great deal is done under the pretence of "Progress," which could well be left undone. With the ancients the progressive idea seems to have been to erect monstrous pillars, inconsistent catacombs, bleak pyramids and hideous images. Many of what are termed the "Lost Arts" are not so much the "arts" by which these structures are signalized by any characteristic or essential beauty, as the subtle "arts" which a people so benighted, in most important respects, could find access to for the *accomplishment* of their huge schemes. There was nothing the ancients could not and did not do, mechanically, to further these. A single solid stone block of such immense proportions could be placed in the middle of a desert, (hundreds of miles from the nearest quarry), that no appliance of modern times, and no ingenuity of the modern mind is at all equal to as much as budging one solitary inch. The largest manageable vehicle the mind of to-day could devise would be crushed to atoms, or,—what amounts to the same,—buried literally from sight.

Why the ancients should have went to so much trouble for so little real benefit, does not appear. Perhaps the best disposition we can make of the matter will be to suppose they had no better way of employing their time. Their moral senses were certainly very obtuse. In all their notorious achievements at the expense of so much valuable time, labor and skill, it is a sad thing to know the ancient's prime stimuli should lie in the pleasure it would afford them to fall down and worship them.

In at least one department of the Musical development of this country, we may draw, no very wide parallel with the foregoing. Indeed the comparison is so close it is not a little remarkable. Recent years have conclusively established the fact that we have no room to laugh at the ancients for their presumed folly, as our own, *Musically*, is as great and as inconsistent. Naturally modest, *they* were content with one Colossus of Rhodes, one Sphinx, etc., not so us. Our Musical Sphinxes are as many as our vanities, and will in due course, at the present rate, outnumber our conceits.

Let us enumerate some of them:

First, there was a good old time when it was suffice to define a *Note* by saying "A note is a character used to represent a sound;" now a select few have arisen with a self-assumption of power to disclaim this, and we are told we must put in the place of *represent*, the word *indicate*. We are threatened with being fools if we disobey. A staff is no longer "five lines and four spaces," but, under the new dispensation, "five lines and

four *intermediate* spaces." (Heaven save the mark!) One tells us there are no *rests* in music, but "suspensions of time." Another informs his readers that the term *accidental* is absurd, as in Music nothing is done accidentally, but purely on purpose. (Might we not argue: *accidentally on purpose*?) So we might go on to infinitude, but we have neither time, patience or the intention. The Colossus has bestrode us and it is simply in our purpose to "go under his legs and peep about," as the poet expresses it.

Briefly, then, we seriously question the right of any few, or many, to institute any such innovations; primarily, because they serve no palpable purpose; and again, because they in no wise smooth the way of the student, but, rather, on the other hand, harden and obstruct it. A definition is invariably the best and surest in its *simplest form*. Redundancy of words can do nothing but befog the learner. That ready tact with which even the most ordinary will fall upon the next progressive step is blunted and sacrificed. The novice looks at things with the eye of a novice, not with the practiced eye of the scholar, hence any attempt to frame voluminous and theological definitions must invariably fail. As for instance take the two definitions of the Staff. The simple, concise, pointed way asserts it to be the five lines and four spaces on which music is written. This covers the whole ground, as far as mere verbal definition is concerned, and should receive no farther modification, except such as will necessarily follow in subsequent explanations, as of *leger lines*, etc. We know very well that all music cannot be written on five lines and four spaces, (or *intermediate* spaces), as long as it is requisite to use leger lines and spaces, but that knowledge is kept for subsequent instillation.

If we are to cavil on points so simple and essential there is no limit to which the matter may not be forced. Cavil is extremely cheap these days, and in some instances, quite taking. Generally, however, its contemptible nature wears a conspicuous brand, and Cain-like, may be readily detected. It is a last and a miserable resort of obscure ninnies, which will eventually sink with its own damp weight.

We know a Staff is not merely five lines and four spaces, nor yet five lines and four *intermediate* spaces. They may be drawn in a perpendicular way, or at unequal and exaggerated distances apart. They may be thick and thin alternately, or crooked, or undulating, or broken; or they may radiate from a centre like the spokes of wheel,—but none of these will form a Musical Staff. Yet we know it will not do to say "a Staff is composed of five unbroken, parallel, straight, horizontal lines, equally distant apart and of uniform thickness; and their four intermediate spaces,"—but *strictly* nothing less will comprehensively describe it.

What then shall the precise definition be?

Is not the folly of caviling notoriously evident?

Naturally enough the question arises why is so much trouble taken for so little profit? Happily we may dispose of it as we have disposed of the same query in regard to the ancients! It is plain the caviler has little better use to make of his time. Like the ancients his creations are distorted and ungainly, and it is fair to expect he will fall down and worship them.

THE NEW YORK SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

Of this new feature in modern American Musical affairs, and proof positive of the giant strides Musical art (!) is taking in the Metropolis, we quote from the New York *Athenæum*, as follows:

"The attendance at the Grand Opera House, on Sunday last was somewhat smaller than that of the previous week; the difficulties attending local travel, in consequence of the prevailing epidemic, having injuriously affected all places of amusement during the past week. The principal attraction was Mlle. Aimée, who was warmly welcomed back to the scene of her early triumphs. Mlle. Aimée, however, is not a concert singer, and, depending so much for her success in Opera Bouffe to her acting and surroundings, is without these accessories, comparatively ineffective. A song from 'La Figlia,' and Gounod's 'Ave Maria,' were her selections. The former was rendered with much spirit, but who is responsible for the choice of the latter *morceau*? Sacred music is certainly not Mlle. Aimée's forte, and their is something incongruous in the Queen of Opera Bouffe singing an *Ave Maria*. Signor Moriarni did not sing at all well, neither did Signor Abrugnedo, who should show some little courtesy to his audience, and remain on the platform at least till the conclusion of the voice part, and instead of which he turned his back on the audience, and walked off as he was singing the last notes. The other vocalist was Madame Levielli, whose performance was of a kind that calls for no remark whatever. The instrumental solos were supplied by Mr. Walter, piano, and Signor Padovani, violin, neither of whom has sufficient talent to justify his appearance at these concerts. Signor Padovani's playing was as bad as bad could be, and any average amateur would have played the solo in the *Ave Maria* in much better tune. His own solos were marked by exaggerated phrasing and false sentiment, while his execution was the merest trickery of the most commonplace kind. We were glad to see that the violinists of the orchestra had sufficient spirit to resent the choice of Signor Padovani to play the *obbligato* to Mlle. Aimée, every one leaving the platform previously to the song, and only returning on its conclusion."

This brief review will present a faint picture of a Sunday Evening Concert. Coming from another source and a favorable one (we are sorry to say,) the reader has it in its natural state, neither varnished or tarnished. Truly our neighbors should be content with such thorough sanitary measures for the relief of their Musically sick. The "doses," are large, and should be efficient enough to remove the most obstinant case of Musical flatulency. The retiring of a portion of the orchestra in righteous indignation at the selection of one of their number to play the violin *obbligato* to Mlle. Aimée, is decidedly unique and sabbatarian, not to say characteristic of the profession generally.

Now that we have the "Queen of Opera Bouffe" fully enlisted, we may with much reason hope for the production of Opera Bouffe itself. A few giant strides will soon put the art beyond the very slender strip of neutral ground intervening.

We trust Mr. Havemeyer will look to this, among other important matters needing official attention.

ONE IN MANY.

An unknown subscriber writes us:

"Please let me know when my subscription to THE AMATEUR ends, so I can renew it. I am very much pleased with it. Will do all in my power for you."

Coming from an unknown reader and friend, this brief but kindly paragraph wears unusual significance. Our correspondent feels that his AMATEUR is an indispensable article, just as necessary, in another way, as his soap and towel. Indeed the Musical journal holds pretty much the same relation. Growing in Musical knowledge and importance and power, daily, it is needful we shall get rid of the dross and extraneous particles of a more patrician era, and rinse ourselves thoroughly in the more advanced and beautiful ideas of to-day. To cleanse thoroughly we must be constant in our habits. The Savage seldom washes, but it is cleanliness that stamps the seal of enlightenment indelibly, and only cleanliness (in its widest sense) that can at all preserve it.

We want subscribers who adhere to us and admire us for our usefulness. When it is considered at what incredibly low rates the AMATEUR is offered to the public, no excuse can be offered for not supporting it. We are happy to state that many of the most distinguished men at large contribute to its encouragement. One dollar will scarcely secure an ordinary seat at any entertainment of consequence, then which is the better investment?

When no other premium is claimed, we present each subscriber (or renewal) with a 35 cent piece of music, free.

MUSIC PUBLISHING.

Upon this topic the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, in a recent issue, remarks as follows:

"Germany has its Leipsic, France its Paris and England its London, all noted as immense Music publishing centres, but it has been reserved for Philadelphia to exceed them all.

"Mr. Littleton, of the firm of Novello & Co., of London, has been making an extended tour of the Music publishing houses of Europe and America, visiting all the larger cities. Imbued with the prevalent New York idea of Philadelphia enterprise, he was more than astonished on entering the firm of Lee & Walker, Music publishers, No. 922 Chestnut Street, and, after a thorough inspection from the vault to fourth floor, unhesitatingly pronounced it 'the largest, most magnificent and best appointed Music House in the world.'

"Such a sentiment, emanating from the representative of one the most celebrated houses of Europe, must be highly appreciated by Messrs.

Lee & Walker, and is a flattering testimonial to our progressive American spirit. New York and Boston have hitherto laid claim to superiority in all departments relating to the fine arts, and it is exceedingly gratifying to our citizens to know that, while the 'Hub' is great and the 'Metropolis' immense, yet in the matter of music publishing our own progressive 'Quaker City' contains 'the largest, most magnificent and best appointed Music publishing house in the world.'"

AN ADDRESS BY THE UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL COMMISSION.

To the People of the United States:

The Congress of the United States has enacted that the completion of the One Hundredth Year of American Independence shall be celebrated by an International Exhibition of the Arts, Manufactures, and Products of the soil and mine, to be held at Philadelphia, in 1876, and has appointed a Commission consisting of representatives from each State and Territory, to conduct the celebration.

Originating under the auspices of the National Legislature, controlled by a National Commission, and designed as it is to "Commemorate the first Century of our existence by an exhibition of the Natural resources of the Country and their development and of our progress in those Arts which benefit mankind, in comparison with those of older Nations," it is to the people at large that the Commission look for the aid which is necessary to make the Centennial Celebration the grandest anniversary the world has ever seen.

That the completion of the first century of our existence should be marked by some imposing demonstration, is, we believe, the patriotic wish of the people of the whole country. The Congress of the United States has wisely decided that the Birth-day of the Great Republic can be most fittingly celebrated by the universal collection and display of all the trophies of its progress. It is designed to bring together, within a building covering fifty acres, not only the varied productions of our mines and of the soil, but types of all the intellectual triumphs of our citizens, specimens of everything that America can furnish, whether from the brains or the hands of her children, and thus make evident to the world the advancement of which a self-governed people is capable. In this "Celebration" all nations will be invited to participate; its character being International. Europe will display her arts and manufactures, India her curious fabrics while newly opened China and Japan will lay bare the treasures which for centuries their ingenious people have been perfecting. Each land will compete in generous rivalry for the palm of superior excellence.

To this grand gathering every zone will contribute its fruits and cereals. No mineral shall be wanting; for what the East lacks the West will supply. Under one roof will the South display in rich luxuriance her growing cotton, and the North in miniature, the ceaseless machinery of her mills converting that cotton into cloth. Each section of the globe will send its best offerings to this exhibition, and each State of the Union, as a member of one united body politic, will show to her sister States and to the world, how much she can add to the greatness of the nation of which she is a harmonious part.

To make the Centennial Celebration such a success as the patriotism and the pride of every American demands will require the co-operation of the people of the whole country. The United States Centennial Commission has received no Government aid, such as England extended to her World's Fair, and France to her Universal Exposition, yet the labor and responsibility imposed upon the Commission is as great as in either of those undertakings. It is estimated that ten millions of dollars will be required, and this sum Congress has provided shall be raised by stock subscription, and that the people shall have the opportunity of subscribing in proportion to the population of their respective States and Territories.

The Commission looks to the unflinching patriotism of the people of every section, to see that each contributes its share to the expenses, and receives its share of the benefits of an enterprise in which all are so deeply interested. It would further earnestly urge the formation in each State and Territory of a Centennial organization, which shall in time see that county associations are formed, so that when the nations are gathered together in 1876, each Commonwealth can view with pride the contributions she has made to the national glory.

Confidently relying on the zeal and patriotism ever displayed by our people in every national undertaking, we pledge and prophecy, that the Centennial Celebration will worthily show how greatness, wealth and intelligence can be fostered by such institutions as those which have for one hundred years blessed the people of the United States.

JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, President.

LEWIS WALN SMITH, Temporary Secretary.

CORRESPONDENTS' COLUMN.

FIDDLER.—How very easy it is to labor under false impressions may be shown by your (very natural, we admit,) ideas regarding the *bow*. For instance you say there is "too much hard work" in a *heavy* bow, whereas in a *light* bow "it is optional with the player to use as much or as little pressure as needs be."

Now a *good* bow is invariably what might be called heavy, that is one which will do as much work *by its own pressure* as possible. In very light or soft passages a well selected bow will require little more than its own dead weight, whilst a light bow will necessitate considerable pressure, (which is *work*!) and much more *expenditure* of bow; another strong point against the use of *light* bows. The best make of bows are, as a rule, quite heavy. Our advice is a heavy bow with the weight well distributed, as in the pure Bausch or Villaume bow. Badly proportioned bows are a severe ordeal to the beginner, as the great difficulty in Violin playing is in the bowing.

ANXIOUS.—"I send my Violin for your inspection. Will you please tell me whether or not it is an *original*? It is marked inside GUARNERIUS."

We believe it is. An account of Guarnerius reads: "In his latest days he became careless and addicted to drink." We think yours must have been made about this time. Cold comfort, but the best we have to apply under the strained circumstances.

MELON-KOLIC.—Wants to know, which we consider the most doleful tune in print. (There is a gentleman next door to us who practices sixteen hours daily on the horn. If we can find out the name of the tune he plays we will let you know).

VOCALIST.—"My teacher says a *baritone* voice is one which is unable to go low enough to sing bass, or high enough to sing tenor; is this so?"

No! We saw something of the same sort in a Musical Journal recently. Tenor, Bass, Alto, Soprano, Mezzo-Soprano, and Baritone are significant of *QUALITY* not *compass*! The mere fact that the compass of a voice is *limited* at either extreme, does not qualify it. A bass voice is one of massive, deep, heavy tones. No matter what its compass, or its condition. In fact a tenor may sometimes reach as low as *g* below the staff, while a bass may find it difficult to strike *a* with force, but, of course, the *quality* of tone will be *lighter* in the first instance and *deeper* in the last. Tenors and sopranos often sing with difficulty to *f* (upper line of the treble staff,) while altos run off with *b* flat with ease. Not one in a score of professed authority on the voice seems to understand this distinction between range and quality. Only a couple of months ago one of our best known teachers of the voice pronounced a contralto to be pure soprano, under something of the same ignorance. A baritone voice is really a light species of bass, or *full* tenor. Santley is an example; also Mr. Lawrence, of New York. Mr. Wm. Hamilton is a bass. A voice with limited compass is in bad condition. There is no such thing as a regular gradation of voices. Not only are soprano and alto totally different in nature, but no two of any voice sing exactly alike.

KOMIC KORNER.

—A MUSICAL LOG—Kellogg.

—MAN IS A MISTER-Y, woman a miss-ery.

—WHEN DOES THE OCEAN assimilate to a child? When there's a *squall*.

—WE SHOULD LIKE to hear a Chinaman sing "No one to Love" in his native tongue.

—"HAVE YOU HEARD my last composition?" asked a conceited musician of a lady.

"I sincerely hope so," was the reply.

—SAYS JONES, "What's the matter with your eye?"

Oh, nothin', only my wife said this morning I'd better get up and make the fire; I told her to make it herself—that's all."

—A WITNESS, DESCRIBING certain events, said: "The person I saw at the head of the stairs was a man with one eye named Jacob Wilkins." "What was the name of his other eye?" spitefully asked the opposing counsel. The witness was disgusted.

—"MA, why don't you speak?" asked little Jake; "why don't you say suthin' funny?"

"What can I say? Don't you see I'm busy frying doughnuts?"

"Wol, yer might say, 'Jake, won't yer have a cake?' That 'ud be funny for you."

—THE STORY IS TOLD that a young lover, living in Danbury, Conn., who played and sang before his sweetheart's house for two hours on one of these recent hot nights, was electrified after a short rest by a cordial "thank you," gracefully pronounced by the "other fellow," who appeared at the window.

—"WHAT A NUISANCE!" exclaimed a gentleman at a concert, as a young fop in front of him kept talking in a loud voice to a lady at his side. "Did you refer to me, sir?" threateningly demanded the fop. "Oh, no; I mean the musicians there, who keep up such a noise with their instruments, that I can't hear your conversation," was the stinging reply.

—"I DON'T LIKE this Church Tune Book, sir. Show me another."

"Don't like it? Why, its very popular."

"Can't help that, sir. I'm a temperance man myself, and I won't have anything to do with any book which has anything averse to my principles."

"What has this against temperance, pray?"

"It calls for a *pause* at almost every bar. How long do you think a man is going to stand that?"

—A YOUNG MOTHER was in the habit of airing the baby's clothes at the window. Her husband did not like it, and believed if she saw her practice as others saw it, she would desist. He so directed their afternoon walk as to bring the nursery window into full view from the central part of the town. Stopping abruptly, he pointed to the offending linen flopping unconsciously in the breeze, and asked sarcastically: "My dear, what display is that in our window?" "Why," she replied, "that is the flag of our union." Conquered by this pungent retort, he saluted the flag by a swing of his hat, and pressing his wife's arm closer within his own, said, as they walked homeward: "And long may it wave."

—CLASS IN MUSIC: Teacher, "First scholar; can you sing up to A?"

"A what, sir?"

"Come now, I want no nonsense, sir,—do you think you could touch B?"

"I should rather not, sir. All that I ever saw sting."

"Do they? Well, sir, you may sit down. Second scholar: can you go to C?"

"In course I can, in a wessel. Who could'nt?"

"Smart class, indeed. Maybe you can go to D, sir."

"If you tell me to go to the D— again, I'll tell my dad, I will, an' he'll punch your head."

"This class is dismissed for a half holiday. Really this is encouraging."

SCHUMANN'S RULES FOR YOUNG MUSICIANS.

TRANSLATED BY J. S. DWIGHT.

(CONTINUED.)

XXVII.

Be not led astray by the brilliant popularity of the so-called great *virtuosi*. Think more of the applause of artists, than of that of the multitude.

XXVIII.

Every fashion grows *unfashionable* again; if you persist in it for years, you find yourself a ridiculous coxcomb in the eyes of everybody.

XXIX.

It is more injury than profit to you to play a great deal before company. Have a regard to other people; but never play anything which, in your inmost soul you are ashamed of.

XXX.

Omit no opportunity, however, to play *with* others, in Duos, Trios, etc. It makes your playing fluent, spirited and easy. Accompany a singer when you can.

XXXI.

If all would play first violin, we could get no orchestra together. Respect each musician, therefore in his place.

XXXII.

Love your instrument, but do not have the vanity to think it the highest and only one. Consider that there are others quite as fine. Remember, too, that there are singers, that the highest manifestations in Music are through chorus and orchestra combined.

XXXIII.

As you progress, have more to do with scores, than with *virtuosi*.

XXXIV.

Practice industriously the Fuzes of good masters, above all those of JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. Make the "Well-tempered Clavichord" your daily bread. Then you will surely be a thorough musician.

XXXV.

Seek among your associates those who know more than you.

XXXVI.

For recreation from your musical studies, read the poets frequently. Walk also in the open air

[TO BE CONTINUED]

MATTERS IN TOWN.

But few important events, musically, marked the flight of the last month, and of these but one of any serious artistic consequence. As a matter of course, we allude to the *Rubinstein, Wieniawski Combination*. The furore attendant upon the appearance of these superior artists may be in part attributed to the positive dearth of musical matters in this city, though much is undoubtedly attributable to the inordinate supply of puffery each received and against which the Quaker City is not yet proof. One was reminded forcibly of the Nilsson advent, a condition of things we had hoped had finally ceased to exist long before that lady had left these spasmodic shores. It seems not, however.

The task of criticising Rubinstein is not an enviable one. In the first place few are prepared to hear anything disparaging of him, thus fresh in the enjoyment of his newly received honors; then, again, the total inability of the great majority of that class which is thoroughly aroused to musical energy, to in the least appreciate the severely classic pieces receiving the famous pianist's attention, lays it open to accept the most flagrant exaggerations. It is easier for it to believe Rubinstein very great than only comparatively so, for never having heard anything like him, no comparison can be effectively instituted. Hence the enthusiast is likely to hold his own very successfully. The sage must for a time make the most of a back seat.

The truth is we know very little of pianists in this generation and country. That little is mostly of a written description. Aside from Thalberg and a few others, there have been no pianists of extraordinary note heard in America, and even Thalberg is not of the more immediate present, but a shadow, rather, of the more immediate past.

But of Rubinstein! Two directly antagonistic criticisms will serve to show the reader the extreme views of our musical element, (the favorable, of course, much more general than its severe brother.) Both of these are from the same journal, not by the same writer, however.

"The ivory seems to leap to his fingers, the strings almost glow, as they quiver with his electric touch. His tones suggest, not ideas translatable by words, but visions of beauty; pure, spiritual ideas—the intangible forms of light, shadow, or flame, or the exquisite tracery forming in the frosty air."

Editorially the journal says:—

"Rubinstein's reputation as a pianist rests upon his minutes of sanity; and all his absurd mannerisms and glaring inaccuracies are extenuated on the score of his genius. We acknowledge that he is possessed of genius, although we do not think it of the first class, but we do not consider that the possession of genius excuses a man, who claims to be the foremost pianist in the world, exhibiting himself, on several occasions, as a sixth-class player. An artist who is so mentally and physically unequal, as not to be able to keep to a certain level during an hour and a half, should cease playing in public; for although the minutes of sublimity may balance the minutes of mediocrity, the impression left is one of extreme dissatisfaction."

"This was followed by Liszt's *Fantasie on Don Giovanni*, one of the most difficult compo-

sitions for the piano ever put upon paper, and in many respects, one of the grandest. It is said that Von Bulow once attempted it in public, but broke down at the commencement of the finale, stopped, and confessed his inability to proceed. Rubinstein commenced it grandly and pursued it for a time in his best style, but when he came to the finale everything became chaotic. For page after page he floundered and blundered. . . . The more he advanced the more hopeless the confusion became; wrong chords in the bass, wrong chords in the treble, wrong notes everywhere, while his disheveled hair flapped against his face with a positive hirsute fury, seeming to lash him to madness. We never remember to have heard a performance so hopelessly bad, . . . —and we wondered if that troublesome hair had anything to do with the failure. It was curious to observe how the fanatical worshippers of Rubinstein looked at each other in blank astonishment, when this wonderful fiasco ended! While all competent musicians acknowledge with us the splendid points of Rubinstein, they are also aware of his glaring defects, and doubt with us, if the one counterbalances the other; or in other words, they doubt if it is worth while to go through so much to hear so little."

This is penned by an able and usually dispassionate and reliable critic of New York. Aside from his position in the Nilsson affair, few inaccuracies mar his professional course, to our knowledge. In the above, on Rubinstein, we recognize him at his best, and while there are many thorough musical students who will fail to accord with him, there are but a very small minority who will care to endorse the other extreme. It is a close sail through a very narrow channel, where it is a delicate and difficult matter to avoid touching either shore. But in a little while, we will have other remarkable pianists, then the channel will widen and extremes shall be assigned their proper places farther apart.

Anton Rubinstein is a small, heavily set man of perhaps forty, much stooped in the shoulders, but otherwise straight and very closely resembling his pictures, except that his hair is of extraordinary length, thick and black and straight, and not bushy as the prints would imply. His features are hard and German, but gather from his long hair an Indian cast of countenance, by no means an improvement. In every movement of the man there is an apparent endeavor to "stereotype" the expression and manner of Liszt, as a casual glance at any good picture of Liszt will show. His movements are reported as being "clumsy," "ungraceful," etc., but we discovered nothing to warrant any such impression. His motions are simple, dignified to callousness, quiet and gentlemanly. He is nothing if not magnetic. His sole intent is to present one continuous string of the most violent contrasts. His most subtle and delightful pianissimos are wrought out carefully and exquisitely for no other purpose than to draw the line of demarkation the more distinctly powerfully and startlingly. Every blow falls like a peal of artillery after a volley of popguns. There is scarcely a geometrical figure his hands do not describe. Circles, straight lines, crooked lines, curves, angles tumble about in the wildest frenzy, as if each knew the other was wrong. At one moment his hands are as high as his head, at the next they are wide apart, and then so close together as to appear to be wrestling with each other for the possession of a single key. Indeed, to the beholder at some distance, his performance is not unlike a sanguinary

mutiny among the keys which he is engaged in putting down with his giant fist. No single piece he played may be separated as a marked instance of this, for he interprets all alike.

It would be idle and malicious to attempt disparaging either the genius or ability of Rubinstein. It is sufficient for the present to know that he is the greatest pianist thus far known to an American public. He has shown us how little we any of us know at the best, and opened to us a new and beautiful realm of music we shall want to know more about, and, it is to be hoped will not rest satisfied until we do. But it is our place and right to demand this knowledge *through purely legitimate means*. Let us demonstrate to Herr Rubinstein (or any one) that he has no authority for taking any undue liberty with the art, and that each effort in that direction will be viewed as mere sensationalism. In Europe the attempt would prove highly disastrous. Better by far for us that we rest content with the Krebs and Mehligs of the art, who are satisfied to expound its problems to the best of their ability, than that we should long for any, who, not content with playing well upon their instrument must also practice upon our weaknesses.

Of Wieniawski it is unnecessary to say he is worthy of the most liberal praise. Though by no means equal to Sauret in execution, his finish and tone are elegant. It is a delicious treat to listen to his exquisite performing, and we hope to have the pleasure of hearing him often.

Mlle. Louise Liebhart, the soprano of the Troupe, once of so eminent a European reputation, has without question passed the zenith of her fame. She is, though very pleasing and tasteful, now unequal to the demands of the time. Nothing she can do will bear comparison, hence must of necessity pass only under protest. Mlle. Ormeny, contralto, is of good voice and method, rather excelling in the rendition of vivacious ballads, though her singing of Ardit's "Kiss Song" (*Il Bacio*), was handsomely done.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK.

November, 1872.

The ease and readiness with which some critics pronounce here upon such artists as Lucca, Kellogg and Leveilli are both amusing and instructive. The necessity and salutary influence of competent criticism in any relation must be apparent to win the most cursory observer; but somehow it strikes me that in certain cases some slight deference might be paid to the experience and education of the artist, and that years of close study and practice in some of the first schools, and before some of the first audiences in the world, should be regarded with some consideration. It is scarcely to be expected that a mere writer on the daily or weekly press, who is mainly depending upon a musical dictionary and a few set phrases for his information regarding the divine art, can say with any degree of accuracy whether the Cherubino of Lucca in the *Marriage of Figaro* is all that it ought to be, or the contrary. Shall we accept at the hands of every paragraph writer the *tempe* or phrasing of *Voi che sapete*, or rather trust to the rendering of Lucca for the true exposition of that delightful aria? Of course no person has dared to question the intelligent beauty of her embodiment of that magnificent theme, but then one or two misanthropes that have never been reached yet by the lute of Orpheus have been snarling about her heels in other relations, although with the most disastrous effects to themselves.

Our opera season for so far has produced *L'Africaine*, *Faust*, *Don Giovanni*, *Favorita*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Trovatore*,

Traviata, Crispino, Figaro, etc. Lucca so distinguished herself in *Figaro*, that the applause which greeted and rewarded her was, in my opinion, in excess of everything of the sort that I have yet heard in the Academy. It was simply deafening; and so exquisitely did she sing all her numbers that there was nothing further to be desired.

Kellogg in *Crispino* was charming. There is a good deal of bravura singing in the opera; but she was equal to every note that fell to her. In truth, she is a most able and conscientious artist, and never shirks or slurs over a passage. Her execution is clear and facile, and her shake inimitable. She is a good artist—nay, a fine one; and if she had only an opportunity of appearing here more frequently in rôles more suitable to her voice and dramatic genius than those that are sometimes put upon her, she would assume a position on the lyric stage second to few. Mlle. Leveillé is a very excellent artist also. She sings tunefully and with much judgment. Three prima donne on the stage at one time is somewhat attractive; and this it was in part which made *Figaro* such a splendid success. Although the male voices of the company do not elicit many encomiums in certain quarters, they are generally excellent. Mr. Coulon is highly thought of by one or two members of the press among us; but the only reason to be assigned for this seems to be that there is almost invariably about a quarter of a tone difference of pitch between him and the orchestra. He has fine dramatic perceptions however and acts well; but his voice is far from being true nor is his ear sufficiently sensitive. Moriami can do nothing well according to the *Herald*, and Vizzani, Abruñedo and Sparapani meet with similar treatment at the hands of that journal. And yet, the whole four are exceptional artists and are possessed of good voices. It may be observed, however, that if Moriami were a little less demonstrative in his action, and the other three a little more in theirs, it were well for both themselves and their audiences. Jamet is the subject of little or no adverse criticism. Whatever he does, he does admirably. He does not appear often. He is indispensable in *Faust*, and seems to be held in reserve for his great character, *Mephisto*. We are to have *Mignon* and the *Huguenots* soon. This evening Lucca was unable to sing in the *Nozze di Figaro*. She is suffering from a severe cold. The announcement was a damper upon the house, and notwithstanding that *Crispino* was announced at the last moment, with Kellogg and Ronconi in the principal roles, numbers of the audience returned home disappointed. The fact is, nothing does here but a Lucca night.

We have had some more of the admirable concerts of Rubinstein and Weiniawski recently. I have nothing to add to what I have already written in relation to those two great artists. They are simply unrivalled, and that embodies everything. Theodore Thomas also has been delighting us again in Symphony concerts with his splendid orchestra. The members of the Italian opera company that used to sing in the Sunday concerts at the Grand Opera House now appear in similar performances at Wallack's. Sunday concerts have become quite the rage here, to the disgust and annoyance of some of the churches whose congregations are terribly thinned by them. Herr Bonawitz—a pianist of rare ability—assisted by some professionals and amateurs, gave recently a performance at Steinway Hall, which although meritorious of itself, was not largely attended.

We have been lectured out of our Americanism quite recently here by Mr. Froude and Miss Emily Faithfull—very charming persons in their way. Miss Faithfull selected for her subject, "The Queen of England and the Royal Family;" and Mr. Froude for his, "The Difficulty between Ireland and England." If not the more educated, Miss Faithfull is the more pleasing lecturer of the two.

The Boucicaults close their engagement at Booth's this week, to be succeeded by Miss Neilson who will make her debut next Monday evening in *Romeo and Juliet*. A new theatre, Terrace Garden, will be shortly opened by Mr. John Koch, the proprietor, with Mme Lichtmay's Grand Opera Company. Mr. "Lord Dundreary" Sothorn is at Wallack's drawing good houses. Lydia Thompson and her burlesque troupe are at the Olympic, playing *Aladdin*. Sardou's society play, *Agnes*, is running successfully at Union Square Theatre. Rubinstein and Weiniawski played in the last Sunday concert at the Grand Opera House, where *Le Roi Carotte* is in its last week but one. *The Rivals* is on at Fifth Avenue Theatre, and is very well received. The Theatre Comique must be doing well for it advertises more largely than any other establishment of the sort in this city. The Bowery continues to make money with its

sensations. Barnum's great show opens here on Monday next. Rubinstein and Weiniawski give another concert of chamber music here to-morrow evening. Wood's Museum has taken up *Buffalo Bill* for a season. Our Minstrels are well patronized as usual, and all our places of amusement are filled nightly.

BATON.

ALBANY, N. Y.

November, 1872.

There are reasons why we can not hope to chronicle anything really great or promising here, in the line of music. If musicians in "swinging around the circle," chance to alight on our platforms; or if our Young Men's Associations can pounce upon them by the way, we manage to get what comes to us.

So far, this season, we have had but two musical performances, the *Patti-Mario* Concert, and that of the *Mendelssohn Quintette Club*, just passed. The former I did not hear,—have not, indeed, heard much of. What I have heard has been chiefly in deprecation of the effort to keep decayed celebrities on the stage, and especially that at "star" prices. Doubtless we should cherish reverently the fame of all great artists. But as all musical performances look especially to our aesthetic gratification and improvement, the past power of the performer is no compensation for the want of present ability to minister to that two-fold end. Has a *Mario* voice in its decadence any more claim upon our attention than a cracked or splintered Cremona violin? Music as an art is wholly a thing of immediate and transitory execution. Beyond that, nothing is left but its scientific symbols, and its fleeting recollection. Hence, when the artist can no longer adequately execute, his "occupation's gone." Nothing is left him but his laurels, embalment, and a niche.

The concert of the *Quintette Club*, I had the pleasure of hearing. It was choice in its selections,—masterly in its execution. I can hardly conceive of a more perfect artistic skill than that evinced by this club. The new members,—Charles Hamm, violin, and Rudolf Hennig, violoncello,—are certainly superior artists, and fitly associated with Schultze, Ryan, and Heindl, all masters of their art. The programme embraced the following selections:

PART FIRST.

Overture to "Pique Dame".....Suppe.
Air from La Clemenza de Tito.....Mozart.
Mrs. J. W. WESTON.

Fantasia for Flute on Walachian Airs.....Doppler.
EDWARD HEINDL.

Quintette in F, op. 59.....Rubenstein.
Introduction and Allegro.—Andante Expressivo.
Second Fantasia for Clarionette.....Ryan.

THOMAS RYAN.

PART SECOND.

English Song—"Who's at my Window?".....Osborn.

Mrs. J. W. WESTON.

"Souvenir de Spa,"—Solo for Violoncello.....Sereais.

RUDOLF HENNIG.

{ Serenade for Quartette.....Hoydn.
{ Scherzo Caprice, arranged for Quintette.....Mendelssohn.

Fantasia for Violin on "La Massaniello,".....Alard.

CHARLES HAMM.

"Marjorie's Almanac,".....Sainton Dolby.

Mrs. J. W. WESTON.

Selections from Le Pre aux Clercs.....Herold.

I am no musical critic, but I would like to raise a question with regard,—not to this programme merely,—but with regard to all of the kind. Can we not draw a line of distinction between music for artistic, and music for musical purposes? And ought not the latter to constitute the staple of every programme to be executed before a general or popular audience? I am not here raising a question as to the relative merits of either common or classical music; nor am I arguing for a mere catering to uncultivated popular taste. But there is a style of music, in the proper execution of which, the listener never loses himself; never can lose sight of the performer. The artist—"Figaro ci, Figaro la!"—is everywhere, and, in spite of yourself, everything. Instead of becoming absorbed and entranced in the music itself, you are merely thinking, what purity of tones, what facile control of the stops and keys; what wonderful delicacy and precision in the touch and sweep of the bow; what a trill; what a brilliant run; what a soaring vault into high Z! All this, in the hands of such artists as the members of the *Quintette Club*, is unapproachable beyond all common, vulgar musical gymnastics; is finished, wonderful! But is it music, or

artist display; is it a genuine combat, or only a mere play with foils?

Now, opposed to this, it seems to me that there is a music—and that chaste and classic,—which appeals naturally and distinctly, even in its more subdued movements, to the *vibratory sympathy* of the human sensorium, compelling the nervous systole and diastole to keep harmonious and delightful time with its own melodious flow and rhythmic beat. Except where a performer's self-conscious skill has turned aside the attention, and wrought a temporary suspension of the taste; do we not by nature,—and in our better nature, too,—want and crave in all delightful music, a clear, discoverable ebb and flow, not only in the successive tone, groups and modulations, but measurably even in the motives themselves; a felt and distinguishable melody and rhythm which we can follow, and of which we ourselves become rapt and unconscious parts. In listening to such music, we lose sight of the performers; we become lost to ourselves; the music, like true oratory, holds us in its own right; absorbs us into itself. Now if there is such music, is it not precisely what we want in our public entertainments; and are not our best musicians the very persons to draw it from its best and noblest sources, as well as to delight and entrance us with their own pure and masterly rendering of it in their instrumentation and vocalization.

F. S. J.

CHICAGO.

November, 1872.

Here we are, dull, kinder. Epizoots has made us so. Have not a horse to go anywhere. But in spite of all, Chicago has managed to enjoy herself. Ox and man teams take the place of that much abused animal the horse. The Theatres were the first to feel the effects of it (Epizoots) in a correspondingly small number at the performances. Still, we can obtain the necessities of life, so we live. I have no horse, so I'm happy. Aiken's Theatre, after its grand opening by Theodore Thomas' Orchestra, was given up to Mrs. Oates & Co. They performed to fair houses, the new Burlesque "Fortunio," and "Fair one with Golden Locks." Mrs. Oates sang Hatton's "Good-bye Sweetheart," in fine style. She is as pretty and pert as ever. The rest of the troupe are passable. Rumor hath it, and Jenkins says it is true, that the little Prima Donna was married, while here, to Mr. Tracy W. Titus, her enterprising manager, success attend them. Aiken revived the "Ticket of Leave Man," and made his first appearance in two years, last week. He has a splendid company, and drew good houses. After him came Fox, "Humpty Dumpty," and they are now doing the best business that has been done, this season. They remain two weeks more. McVicker revived "Saratoga" in response to numerous requests, and now has Maggie Mitchell. She is doing "Jane Eyre" and "Fanchon," and drawing well. The Minstrels and Variety Theatres are doing a fair business and we have three of them running all the while.

The Oratorio Society have commenced work, and are progressing finely. They have some two hundred members, under the direction of Mr. Butterfield, and are studying "Naaman." They propose to bring out at least two Oratorios this season. The Patti-Mario Combination will give three concerts next week. I have no programme, so know nothing of what they will do. The Barnebee Troupe gave two concerts, which were well attended. Arbuckle, the cornetist, is with them. Pratt, the pianist, has organized a troupe, to give concerts in the suburbs of the city. The Georgia Minstrels, a troupe of real darkeys, are drawing good houses at Nixon's. And now, for a few words about the Black Crook, we have it; Bad; the Academy of Music has it, and the "boys" support it. Legitimates don't pay, so the managers give us *Pantomime* and "Leg" drama. We have had three *Pantomime* Troupes here at one time and now to be afflicted with the Black Crook. Oh, it's too much. True, it is set with unusual splendor, but it is old, worn out, and we are tired of it. May it soon run out.

Judging from appearances, we are to have a brilliant season this winter, the societies are all at work, and Parties and Balls are the thing. We are promised Rubinstein sometime in December. We have read more than fifty different accounts of him, and he is everything it is possible for one man to be, "Ugly," "Handsome," and everything else. Got disgusted and am going to wait till I see him.

No more at present,

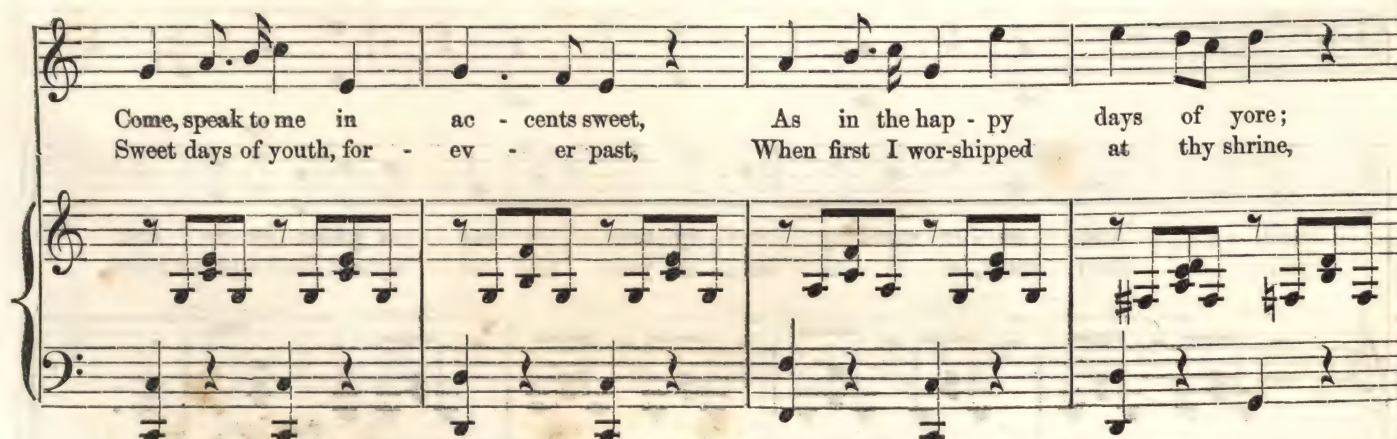
JOHNNIE.

SWEET DAYS OF YOUTH.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Words by B. W. LACY.

Music by A. H. ROSEWIG.



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18385-4

'Twill cheer my sad - den'd heart to hear, The mu - sic of that voice once more.
And deem'd, nor false - ly deem'd, thou wert, In form and spir - it both di - vine.

It's gen - tle tones will thrill my soul; A - wake the echoes of the
Oh, who can tell the rap - t'rous pow'r Of words from lips we fond - ly

past; . . . And ev - er round my wea - ry way A ray of golden glo - ry
love; . . . Then speak, as in the days of yore, And let my soul those raptures

cast, And ev - er round my wea - ry way A ray of golden glo - ry cast.
prove, Then speak, as in the days of yore, And let my soul those raptures prove.

colla voce.

13335-4

AIR.

Speak, then to me, in ac - cents sweet, As in the hap - py days of yore; 'Twill

ALTO.

Speak to me, then, in accents sweet, As in hap - py days of yore;

TENOR.

Speak to me, then, in accents sweet, As in hap - py days of yore;

BASS.

Speak to me, then, in accents sweet, As in hap - py days of yore;

cheer my sad - den'd heart to hear The mu - sic of thy voice once more.

Cheer my sadden'd heart to hear, Mu - sic of thy voice once more.

Cheer my sadden'd heart to hear, Mu - sic of thy voice once more.

Cheer my sadden'd heart to hear, Mu - sic of thy voice once more.

Cheer my sadden'd heart to hear, Mu - sic of thy voice once more.

Cheer my sadden'd heart to hear, Mu - sic of thy voice once more.

Cheer my sadden'd heart to hear, Mu - sic of thy voice once more.

SWEETHEART'S DREAM.

REVERIE.

By HENRY SUTTER.

OP. 262.

p

Ped.

Sva.....

Ped.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *mf*

Ped. * *Ped.*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

Ped. *f* * *Ped.* *

8va.....

poco ritenuto. *listesso tempo.* *p* *Ped.* *

The musical score is arranged in five systems, each with a piano part (grand staff) and a vocal part (single staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#).

System 1: The piano part features a continuous eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Pedal markings (Ped.) are present. The vocal part has a melody with some rests. Asterisks (*) mark specific measures.

System 2: The piano part continues with similar accompaniment. The vocal part has a melody with some rests. Pedal markings (Ped.) are present. Asterisks (*) mark specific measures.

System 3: The piano part continues with similar accompaniment. The vocal part has a melody with some rests. Pedal markings (Ped.) are present. Asterisks (*) mark specific measures.

System 4: The piano part continues with similar accompaniment. The vocal part has a melody with some rests. Pedal markings (Ped.) are present. Asterisks (*) mark specific measures.

System 5: The piano part continues with similar accompaniment. The vocal part has a melody with some rests. Pedal markings (Ped.) are present. Asterisks (*) mark specific measures.

Lyrics: The lyrics are written below the vocal staff in the final system: "rite - - nu - to."

This page of musical notation is for a piano piece, likely a sonata or concerto, in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The notation is arranged in five systems, each consisting of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

- System 1:** The right hand features a complex, arpeggiated texture with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The left hand plays a simple, rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano) and *Ped.* (pedal). There are asterisks (*) indicating specific measures.
- System 2:** The right hand continues with the arpeggiated texture. The left hand has a more active line. Dynamic markings include *Ped.* and *f* (forte). Asterisks (*) are present.
- System 3:** The right hand has a section marked *8va.....* (octave up), indicating a rapid ascent. The left hand continues its accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *Ped.* and *f*. Asterisks (*) are present.
- System 4:** The right hand has a section marked *8va.....*. The left hand has a more active line. Dynamic markings include *Ped.* and *f*. Asterisks (*) are present.
- System 5:** The right hand has a section marked *8va.....*. The left hand has a more active line. Dynamic markings include *Ped.* and *ff ritenuto.* (fortissimo, ritenuto). Asterisks (*) are present.

The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, beams, and slurs. The page is numbered 42256-5 at the bottom.

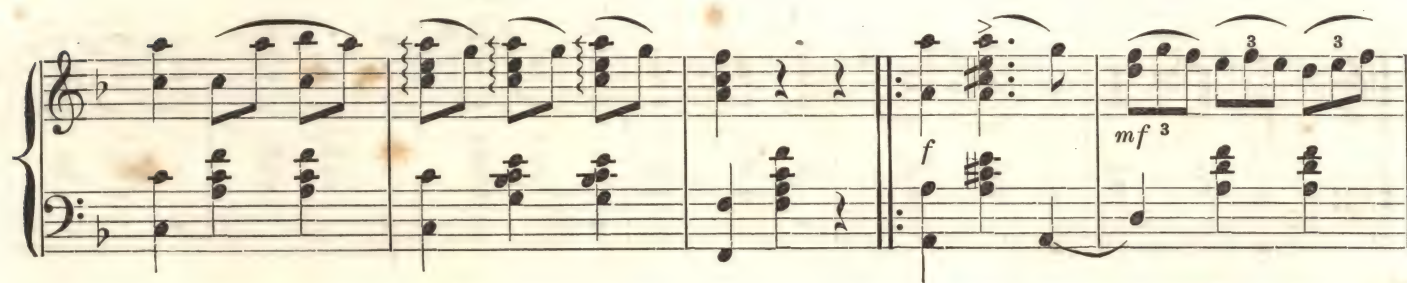
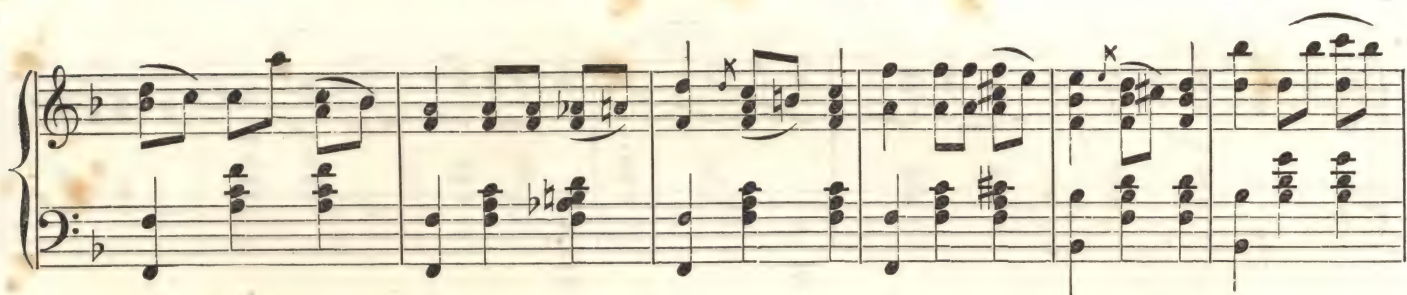
THE VILLAGE BEAUTY MAZOURKA.

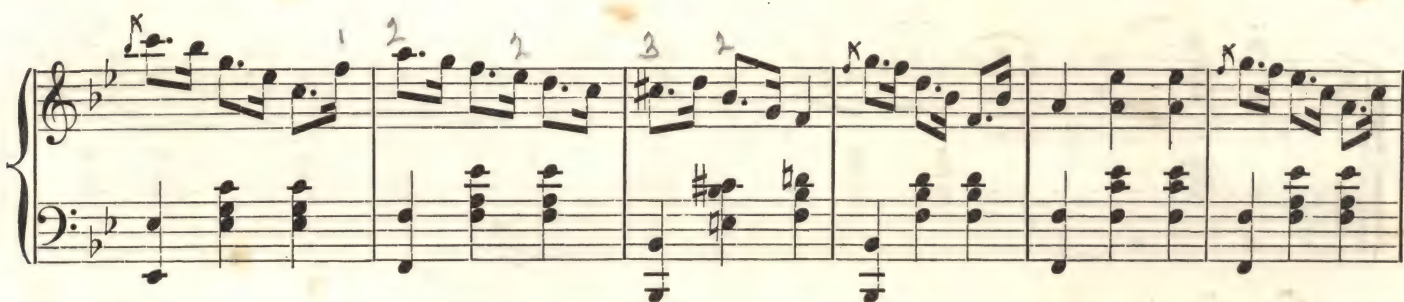
Composed by JAMES A. KERR.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The notation includes treble and bass staves with various chords and melodic lines, including some marked with an 'x'.

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13357-5





The first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 1: (common time). The music features a series of chords and melodic lines in the treble, with a bass line providing harmonic support. There are some fingerings indicated, such as '3' and '1'.

The second system continues the musical piece. It includes a section marked '8va.....' (octave) in the treble staff. There are also markings for '1.' and '2.' indicating different parts or measures. The bass line continues with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking 'mf' (mezzo-forte) is present in the later part of the system.

The third system of musical notation shows further development of the piece. It features a mix of chords and melodic fragments in the treble, with a steady bass line. The notation includes various accidentals and fingerings.

The fourth system continues the musical composition. It shows a progression of chords and melodic lines in the treble, supported by the bass. The notation is clear and legible, with standard musical symbols.

The fifth and final system of musical notation on this page. It concludes the piece with a final chord in the treble and a sustained bass line. The notation includes a double bar line at the end, indicating the end of the piece.

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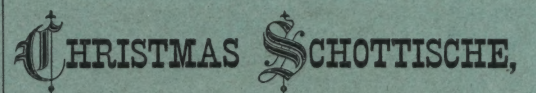
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